

BMWMOCM NEWSLETTER

Volume 25, Issue 10

Editor=s Notes

My garage is a disaster. The privilege of owning five bikes becomes a real burden when winter approaches. And when the newest one is a '95 R100 with 99,000 miles on the clock, we're not talking trailer queens here but, rather, a bunch of dirty pigs.

Which I'm not big on washing. I guess I can justify leaving the GS filthy, as they're supposed to be, right? I've been intentionally seeking gravel and Wisconsin "Rustic Roads" lately, in an attempt to re-familiarize myself with riding fast on unpaved roads. I grew up on a gravel road and thought nothing of going 70 mph (helmet-less) with my little brother on the back of my old Honda CB400F. The GS isn't much easier to ride on soft gravel, but it does lend itself well to exploring back roads you'd never take on your RT or K-Wing.

Back to my one-car garage...where to put my wife's Honda 450? I've already found a potential home for the Norton over at Steffan's, though I'd be sad to have 'er so far away all winter. I rode the 850 Commando on "Molly's ride" and had a splendid time. Kiecker insisted on taking Pierce County O, so I had to try and keep the R1150GS and Guzzi V-11 Sport in front of me in sight, which I did most of the way, though riding a chopper at 70+ on a "25 mph recommended" scenic road was a bit questionable. It sure made me feel like a hero, though. I'm starting to get the whole vintage thing.

So, if I put the 450 in the garden shed, and get my brother to keep the XL350 out on the farm (he rides it, I'm sure), I should be able to fit the Jetta in the garage. Promises of a hard winter make me think the aging VW needs to be inside this winter. Nothing worse than having to jump start your late-for-work wife's car in the morning. Now if I can just do something about all the other, miscellaneous junk, like the RT parts, the buckets of used oil, the old tires, the camping gear...why (other than sloth) is my garage so disorganized?

I think I must like it that way. Sitting amidst the debris of mugs and pins, useless rally flags and maps, fortified by Sheep Dip malt, memories of riding seasons past are easily summoned. Too bad I'm not the only one who has to use this shrine.

The November 8th club meeting will be at ChiChi's at 7717 Nicollet Avenue (at 494) in Richfield. Please come at 6:30 for dinner, the meeting is at 7:30 p.m.

November, 2001

President=s Column

For some of us the riding season is shorter than it is for others. And for various reasons. There are those of us who have elected to go without electrics; those of us who might be struggling with wo/man vs. machine issues; those of us who might have lives (kidding) or families/houses to attend to. Then there are those psycho long distance (LD for short - how cool, huh?) types who ride all year long - yes, even in MN, they DO exist! I never know whether I actually admire or fear them, probably a little of both. But then, they are a whole different article...

So this Atime frame@ put on the season makes it quite bittersweet. Some of us realize that we must put away our bikes for the rest of the year and focus on other hobbies (like shoveling). It has been a particularly short season for me, as I spent the majority of it obtaining an R80 engine, then rounding up the right people to put it in the old R65 for me. By the way, upon pulling out the old R65 it was discovered I didn't throw a rod on the M2M as expected - an exhaust valve dropped into the dome of the piston. Well, just before the first snow flies,

it=s up and running! As Ric (one of the guys doing the installation) called and left on my voice mail said: (sound of rumbling engine starting up, then several revs into the phone, then:) AIt=s ALIVE!!@ Man, I STILL need a bike that=s faster! Hard to stay in the vintage realm when you want to constantly go faster. I=ll just have to find a way to restrain myself. Lord knows SOMETHING has to stop me from more speeding ticket accumulations... Oct. 21st I gathered a few friends, who gathered a few friends, who gathered a few more, at Bob=s Java Hut for a beautiful day of riding. I started wanting A6 of my vintage era buddies@ and ended with a full dresser Harley or two; a Suzuki Water Buffalo courtesy of Sev Pearman; a bunch of new Beemers; some off roaders; you get the picture. About 20 of us lined up for a gorgeous ride along the WI side of the river to Pepin, WI. We left at 11:00 a.m., and I didn=t get home till 10p.m. The group included a writer or two from the MMM (MN Motorcycle Monthly) and a whole bunch of top notch long distance riders from the Team Strange-type events. Me? The trusted leader?? Oh, at about the airport on Hwy 62 I realized I=d forgotten my body pack - credit cards; cash; cell; MAKEUP! ("You can put a girl on a bike, but you can't take the girl out of the girl" - self-quote of the day). I had to turn back and therefore rode the entire freaking way there on my own. That=s OK though - it was such a stunning day it didn=t even matter when I got lost a couple of times (*tee hee*).

So I'm in Goodhue, MN, not only on the wrong side of the river, but I've got to go back to Red Wing in order to cross, and my cell phone battery is dead. I'm standing at a pay phone at the only gas station in town, when a black R1100S with the license plate "OMYGOD" whizzes by. He spots my bike and turns around. I discover that he's a Stranger whom I'd met at Bob's and invited along. He went most of the way to Pepin, then had to head home early. Our conversation went something like this :

Hey.

Hey.

Whatcha up to?

Not much. You?

Ridin'. You?

Aw, forgot my backpack at Bob's. Had to bail.

Oh. I hate it when that happens.

Yup. Me too. Then I took a wrong turn.

That too.

Going back?

Yup. Gotta be somewhere.

Happy trails.

And we all think we have such an "image" riding BMWs. Too funny. Not much needed to be said. What I got out of it was, "are you and your bike OK?" If so, cool. It was a very good day, it is a very good community. I will miss it dearly this winter because, yes, I will be putting my bikes away soon enough. Well, at least by Christmas...

Molly Gilbert

President, '01-'02

BMWMOCM

Secretary's Report

The October general meeting of the BMWMOCM was held on Thursday the eleventh at the Grand Old Creamery in St. Paul. The treasurer's report was given, with \$1433 in the club account and \$4249 in the rally account. Welcome was extended to all prospective members and guests. Mention was made of the donation made by BMW NA to New York City of to X-5s and 100 R1150RTs to assist in the rebuilding of the NYPD fleet. \$1.5 million in cash was reported to have been donated as well.

A suggestion was made to bring back some old club traditions, namely, to add a December first Thursday meeting to hold elections. Nominations tend to fall during the Falling Leaves Rally, when many members are out of town. This makes the nominating process a little painful (like pulling teeth). The suggestion is to hold nominations in November when the riding season is over and we can better focus our attention on the needs of the club, then elect on the first Thursday of December, avoiding the holiday crazies.

Nominations were made for the following :

President, Darrell Penning (who was not present at the meeting); vice president, no nomination; others nominated for board positions and offices were Don Sidler, Craig Anderson, Shane Donohue, Dennis Bray, Don Hamblin, Doug Hastert, Will Outlaw and Kathy Rosen. Molly Gilbert has volunteered as newsletter editor, and Kevin Kocur as web meister and activities coordinator.

All members are encouraged to attend the November elections meeting on Thursday, November 8th, 7:30 p.m. at ChiChi's in Bloomington, located at Nicollet Avenue and I-494.

Respectfully submitted by Michelle Moe

The Feast In The East Rally

by Kevin Kocur

It's 6 p.m. Sunday October 14th and while other MN club members, returning from the Falling Leaf rally in Missouri, are nearing their warm Twin Cities homes I'm sitting on a shoulder in Virginia. On a not-running-at-the-moment K75. Oh did I mention the POURING RAIN? Well, it still beats being at work...so, here's how I ended up here:

The Feast In The East (FITE) started out 7 years ago as an eating get together for Long Distance (LD) riders. It didn't take very long for an 11 hour mini endurance rally to be added. Less than half the duration of most 1000/24 rallies, the rally is actually a very competitive event. Many Iron Butt veterans are usually on the roster any given year.

I have entertained the idea of going to FITE the last couple of years, since I'd heard what a great time it was. But getting time off of work, as well as coordinating dog-sitting, kid-sitting, etc., never worked out. Until this year. I had met a rider named Lori (no a different one, yes I know it's spelled the same) from Maryland at the Buckeye 1000. We've kept in contact since that event in July and have managed to see each other a few times since then. Anyway, Lori mentioned she was going to FITE 7 this year and "Well, since I have more than one bike you could fly out here and ride one down..." So be it, then! I guess I'll be going to North Carolina in October.

A few weeks before FITE Lori mentions a friend of hers has a K75C that I could borrow for FITE, if I want. "After all, you're probably more used to K bikes and you'd probably be more comfortable on that than on my Virago." The woman's got a point there, so I agree and ask her to make the arrangements.

I fly down Thursday night before the rally and of course my flight's delayed, so I land at Dulles pretty late. Fortunately the bags arrive at the carousel about the same time as I do so I grab them (and Lori!) and we're off. By the way, you'd be surprised how much you can get into a modern suitcase: Aerostich suit, electric liner, tank bag, riding boots and even a few clothing items. Just make sure your health insurance is paid up since you may need to actually lift the thing.

I also find out the used VFR 800 she just bought wasn't going to ready for the rally and since her VFR 500 has electrical gremlins, that left her riding her trusty 750 Virago. The Virago only has a range of 120+ miles so we had to figure that into planning our route.

Friday morning arrives waaaaay too early. We have to get up to go pick up the K75, and I'm still on a sleep deficit from the last two nights! I sooo want to throw the alarm clock across the room now...

We retrieve the K, and I quickly wire up the electric clothing hook ups to Lori's Virago, so she can also stay warm riding in the mountains. I lucked out as the K had the factory accessory outlet so it was plug 'n play for me. We pack both bikes and we're ready to roll. Weather forecast calls for partly cloudy with occasional drizzles throughout the day. At least it's in the upper 60's.

Since the leaves were changing and we needed to make time we decided to bypass the "Blue Hair" Parkway and take the interstate down to NC. As luck would have it, the ride down on the slab was probably the most scenic piece of interstate I've ever ridden and our route ran us parallel to the Blue Ridge Parkway at least half the time. The colors splashed across the misty mountains like those picturesque calendar photos you. Our route set out from Maryland through West Virginia, Virginia, and we finally arrived in Statesville, NC around 7 p.m. On the way down we encountered off and on light rain as well as dense fog as we rode through the mountains in the southern Virginia. The light waterproofing I had given my gloves held up well in the light stuff but when the rain got a little heavy the insides became a little damp. No problem, I just flicked the heated grips on high and turned the gloves into little saunas. In Statesville we checked in to the motel, then went across the hall and sign in with the Rallymasters. We throw our stuff in the hotel room and head next door to the Waffle House for bacon cheeseburgers. While sitting at the counter eating, I happen to glance up and notice the sign above the grill stating "Weapons Prohibited." I jokingly comment on this to Lori, who matter-of-fact replies, "remember, you're Down South. Firearms are legal here." I glance around the place then finish off my burger in record time. We head back to the motel parking lot for beer and a little pre-rally BS session.

Some of the first people we run into are Todd Witte and Paul Pelland. Todd finished 20th in this year's Iron Butt Rally riding a 2000 Harley Road Glide outfitted with a fuel cell, auxiliary drinking water system, GPS, Valentine V1, PIAA 910's and the list keeps going from there. Some of you following this year's Iron Butt may remember Paul as the guy who finished on a Ural! Paul only had to replace the motor twice during the event, as well as fabricate a push rod out of a drill bit when one broke in the middle of Smalltown, U.S.A. Todd and Paul were already trying to psych out the other competitors by bragging about the big point rides they had routed during the previous week (Feast is one of the few rallies where you get your bonuses before the rally) as well as placing small stickers which proclaimed "Can you say TIME BARRED, I knew you could" on rider's bikes when they weren't looking. I vowed I would not be time barred and give them THAT satisfaction.

Lori and I finally get back to the room for bedtime. I call and ask for a 4:30 wake up call and set the Screaming Meanie alarm clock just to be safe.

4:30 arrives too soon and as I'm rubbing my eyes I think "Geez, didn't I just go to bed?!" But no time to analyze irregular sleep patterns, we've a riders meeting in 45 minutes! Off to the lobby for coffee and waxy chocolate donuts then back to the room for

a shower.

The rider's meeting doesn't hold any surprises that require any one to re-do their route, and soon everyone heads to their bikes for the 6:00 start. We roll out of the parking lot and I'm glad I'm wearing the electric liner since it's pretty cool and damp out. We head for the first checkpoint which is a mandatory stop for an odometer check (and 1500 points!) From there we're off to White Plains, NC to find the grave of Chang and Eng Bunker, who are believed to be the first set of Siamese twins recorded in the U.S. Along the way we encounter more fog; so bad that visibility is barely three white lines in front of the front wheel. After White Plains we hit a Post Office in Carroll County, VA, then up to West Virginia, through some mountain tunnels, and back into Virginia.

When gassing up at the bonus in Lindside, WV I noticed one of the Time Barred stickers had "mysteriously" appeared on Lori's license plate. I was laughing pretty hard until I checked my own plate. I vowed a second time not to let Witte's Evil Mojo force me to be late.

Out of Lindside we headed back the way we had just come to the next bonus in Peterstown, VA. The giant rooster at our bonus looked remarkably similar to the one they have in Two Harbors, MN.

So back on the bikes and we're on our way to Burkes Garden, VA.

Burkes Garden is essentially a basin surrounded by mountains. There are only two ways in and out: from the South it's 18 miles of clay mixed with crushed rock. On a borrowed bike that's not a GS, I'll pass thank you. From the North you travel up and down a mountain on a (barely) two lane, very winding road with multiple switchbacks, great scenery, lots of patches of wet leaves and no guardrails. This is the kind of road that would make you shout "Yee Haw" if you weren't so worried about tumbling down the side of the mountain. Still, it was one of the most enjoyable roads I've had the pleasure of riding. Twice.

Leaving Burkes Garden we're off to Hayters Gap, VA. The road to Hayters Gap was very much like the road into Burkes Garden except that the road to Burkes actually had lines painted dividing the "lanes." Not that it mattered anyway since the locals frequently cross over the line into your lane. This usually occurred on a blind curve. Actually all of the curves were blind. Anyway, the road to Hayters was more like a lane and a half wide. Total. Still, with more multiple switchbacks and more curves than I could possibly count, this road proved to be as challenging as Burkes. When we reached the bonus at the top of the mountain, we took a few minutes to figure out how we were doing on time. Slow moving traffic, the morning fog and few roads that were not what they appeared to be on the map had put us behind schedule, and with only a 15 minute penalty window, we couldn't afford to be late. We decide to blow off the last three bonuses and head back.

Our next gas stop is only 60 miles from the finish and we're making good time. All we have left to do is get a gas receipt, pick up a six pack and a toy for a children's hospital. We walk out of the place happy to have bagged three bonuses in one spot, and less than an hour from the finish. Life is good.

That's when it happened.

As we were walking towards the bikes I reach into my right 'Stich pocket to retrieve the bike key.

I retrieve nothing.

I check the ignition and no key there. I start going through all of the Aerostich pockets, finding everything BUT the damn key. I reach into my pants pockets-no key. We still have a couple of minutes until we have to leave so I start going through my tank bag, followed by another fruitless search of the 'Stich pockets. At this point I start to freak out. I'm such a creature of habit when it comes to certain things: "Key ALWAYS in right pocket. Grunt. Snort." Besides, the key is on a pretty good sized key chain so it shouldn't be THAT hard to find!

Ten more minutes go by and still nothing. I've completely gone through my tank bag, and all of the 'Stich pockets as well as all of my pants pockets again. I retraced my route through the store. I unzip the tank bag from it's base and check there. No key. Lori checks all of her stuff again with the same result. I go back into the store for another look. No key.

We're past our departure time by several minutes so I have Lori check her stuff one more time and, not finding anything, I decide there's no reason for both of us being time barred, so I send her on her way. She reluctantly leaves, and promises to let the Rallymasters know what has happened, and will try to arrange a truck or trailer in case the key is permanently lost.

I go back into the store for another look. Of course I don't find the key, so I buy a Gatorade and go back out to move the bike from the pump to a picnic area where I can chill for a minute and compose myself. At this point I'm not so worried about finishing the rally as much as getting the bike back to Maryland which is 6 hours away. More searching turns up nothing. I'm wondering if I could have left the key in the ignition and some kid grabbed it just to be funny. A lot of things go through your mind when you're sitting at a gas station in an area you're not familiar with.

More time goes by. Another trip into the store to examine all of the nooks and crannies I've looked at several times already. I even ask the clerk for a garbage bag so I can go through the garbage can at the pumps, "just in case." Yeah, at this point I'm pretty desperate.

I wash my hands, sit down at the table I've spread everything out on and go through my stages of denial, anger and grief but refusing to move on to acceptance.

Sitting there looking at everything, I decide to unzip the tank bag from it's base for the umpteenth time and notice the little space, at the very back, between bag and base. I reach my hand into this space and find...the key.

I utter a one syllable expletive, followed by a whole string of them. I know it's too late to make it back in time but I glance at

my watch anyway and, ironically, it's 5:15. The official end of the rally. I jump up and race to the phone to call the 1-800 number and leave a message that I'm on my way back, in case someone is actually on the way to get me. I throw my stuff on the bike, suit up and tear out of there. I just want to get back at this point and traffic is not moving fast enough for me.

As I hit the interstate that will bring me into Statesville I misjudge the direction the motel is at and end up riding the opposite way. Of course by the time I figure this out it's 16 miles to the next exit where I can turn around.

When I finally make it in I get off the bike, check in and get my t-shirt. Nothing left to do now but hang around and wait for dinner and the awards ceremony, as well as the ribbing I was sure to receive. Of course the first person I run into is Paul Pelland who is more than happy to decorate the bike, and myself, with more Time Barred stickers.

The dinner was great! Hot wings, BBQ pork, hush puppies, baked beans, cole slaw and, for dessert, pecan pie and cherry cobbler. I stuffed myself on the wonderful food and made frequent trips to coolers to partake in the "six pack smorgasboard."

The awards went well, and I couldn't help but notice that everywhere you looked there were Iron Butt finishers through out the crowd. When Rallymaster Bryan Moody asked how many riders had cut their route short, at least two thirds of the group raised their hands, so we didn't feel too bad our own decision.

Todd Witte finished in 3rd place, Lori finished 17th, two places behind Paul Pelland but ahead of 2001 Iron Butt Rally winner Bob Hall. We take out "victories" where we can, I guess. In retrospect, if we had hit the next two bonuses (only 17 miles from where we made the decision to head for the finish) we would have been in 9th. If we could have completed our intended route we would have bagged 5th. Shoulda, coulda, woulda.

We hung out for a bit after the awards until we were finally too tired and went back to the room where I took a hot bath and Lori caught the Yankees play off game. Talk about your role reversal.

The next morning we awoke to rain. We went back to Waffle House for breakfast, along with another couple from Maryland. Then it's back to the room for the dreaded Packing O' The Bikes.

The ride home was pretty dismal. Lots of traffic, lots of rain and lots of accidents. The rain never really let up and eventually my Aerostich pants starting leaking. Then the gloves, even with the rain covers on. I thought my feet were still dry until I took off my left boot when we finally made it home (I later found a pretty good tear in my left boot cover.)

We gassed up about 50 miles from Lori's house and when we left the gas station the K75 started bogging down during acceleration. When we got to an urban area the thing would quit at stop lights, although it would restart but still acted up when accelerating. Finally at a stop sign the thing quit altogether. It would restart but wouldn't run above 3 grand, and I could really smell gas.

I finally figured out the starter button was sticking on and when that happens the fuel injectors pump extra gas into the cylinders. I played around with the switch and got the bike running again. I rode a ways and had to repeat this a couple more times before finding a gas station with a canopy. I tried to find something I could jam into the starter switch so we could get home. I finally trimmed off part of a coffee stir stick and we were on our way. It made a 5-6 hour trip into 9+ hours, in crappy weather, but still managed to have fun and Lori and I managed not to kill each other. This time anyway.

So lessons learned:

1. ALWAYS carry an extra key! Even if you're on a borrowed bike, see if the owner has a spare or, time permitting (not in my case) offer to have a spare made.

2. What looks good on a map may not necessarily apply to the actual roads you may be riding.

3. Even though you KNOW you could never do anything so stupid, you still go and surprise yourself...

4. No matter what happens, enjoy yourself and even if things seem to be at their worse remember: you could be at work WISHING you were out riding!

Ride safe, and often.

Viva Lost Wages

A ride report by Steffan Fay

While there was hardly frost on the pumpkin this morning, there is no escaping it, summer is over around here. So here it is, the ride report from my recent sojourn to warmer climes: In the continuing tradition of my riding to relative=s weddings whenever possible, this one had been on the cards since early summer. A cousin on my wife=s side was getting hitched in Sin City, sans the fun of an Elvis-impersonating officiator or drive-in ceremony, but he has the hackneyed perspective of one who actually lives there. Thanks to the weighty events of September 11th, the trip very nearly did not happen. However, by early October my wife was prepared to fly again meaning we could still meet up out there. She liked the idea of cruising The Strip on the bike.

I got a late start, pointing the faithful R1100R south towards Minneapolis at the crack of noon. At the end of an uneventful afternoon and evening of interstate droning, and shoveling in Power Bars and McGas-stop burgers I had reached the Motel 6 in Sterling, Colorado, a couple hours short of Denver. By midmorning the next day I was blasting up the leeward face of the Rockies, watching the altimeter on the GPS climb 8,000Y 9,000 FT. Breaking into the sunlight on the west end of the Eisenhower tunnel the

unit regained its signal and read 11.2 Kft B cool! It had run out of numbers.

Western Colorado and the vast emptiness of southern Utah inspired the feeling that I was truly on vacation now. Oh the joy of blasting through Glenwood Canyon, sling shooting past wheezing Semis and SUVs as they struggled against the grade. The weather was crystal clear, the bike was running flawlessly, and although I was making time on the interstate it certainly was not a chore. All too quickly the scenery ran out and I was chugging through the less awesome ranges of northwestern Arizona and Nevada. I-15 eventually spewed me, along with all the other traffic, and about half the state=s considerable quantity of roadside litter into the Las Vegas valley.

I had hoped to hook up with BMWMOCM club mileage coordinator Tom Roe, but never getting further than his voice mail, I checked into the hotel a little early. Unfortunately I discovered that the floor tiles under the registration canopy were so slippery that the center stand would slide rather than fold up when the bike was pushed. I knew what would happen if I tried to Ade-stand@ from the side of the bike and I dropped it right on cue. Thankfully there was no damage and a helpful valet was nearby, so I was up and out of there pronto.

The next afternoon my wife showed up and we spent the time before the wedding cruising around town on the bike, taking in the festivities along The Strip, and visiting the Guggenheim AArt of the Motorcycle@ exhibit. It was a good show, and there were several seminal BMW models, but I was disappointed to see no Hinckley Triumphs in the line-up. By Sunday night the wedding attendance obligations were complete and I was ready to blow out of town B funny how Vegas is so much fun for the first couple days then seems to get old really fast. After chatting for about a half hour with a very pleasant security guard in the hotel parking lot (he rides an R1, you know), I departed into the inky desert night, headed for SoCal.

By the time I got into Death Valley National Park it was 10 PM, but the town of Furnace Creek was doing a fair job of living up to it=s unsavory reputation. Actually, I was expecting it to be hotter. As I grabbed a self-registration form from a rack at the campground my hand almost touched an ugly, colorless scorpion type thing that was busy chewing on a huge moth. Not the night to skip the tent screen, I thought.

The next morning I stopped by Badwater B and I tasted it B yes, it=s nasty. I noted that the GPS would indeed read elevations below sea level -240 FT, again cool! The day=s ride plan called for a jaunt through the Mojave on two-lanes to make southwestern Arizona that night. The Joshua trees and empty roads made for a pleasant ride, and noting the wind-abraded pavement made me glad I was not there in a dust storm. Heading south some miles east of Twenty-Nine Palms I was trying to reach the state highway that would take me into AZ, but my road looked like it was going due west for a long way. In desperation I took a decent enough looking dirt road, which turned into a totally non-compacted, deep sand mess in short order. I lost the ability to steer the R and gracelessly came to rest in sand berm at the Aroad@ side. After literally digging my left foot out from the exhaust and getting the piggy turned around (again B fun) I got back to the blacktop. The bike was unscathed, the rubber on top of my boot had melted, but that was it. Two blocks further west was a freshly paved connecting road that took me to the highway without further incident.

After camping at an Indian convenience store/casino/RV park in Ajo, I rode the remaining 40 miles through Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument to Lukeville, Mexico. I parked up at a store on the US side and walked over. The town consisted of one square block, with no restaurant that I could see my hopes of fresh heuvos rancheros were dashed. The US immigration official squinted at me a little sideways - AHow long have you been in Mexico?@ B AAbout five minutes@.

Whipped the passport out again at another border patrol checkpoint leaving the park and I was on my way again, unable to shake the feeling that the whole experience would have been much more relaxed a few months ago. Moving east, the giant Saguaros started to give way to more sage-like vegetation, and by Cochise I was firmly into ranching country, surrounded by oceans of grass. Making camp early that day was a pleasant change of pace. My campsite was nestled among soaring pines in the mountains that had a distinctly Alpine feel. I had only ridden a couple hundred miles and got to set my tent up without needing a flashlight, even having time for a small campfire.

The next day I had planned to visit a friend in El Paso, but he proved as elusive as Tom, so I opted for the mountains northeast of Las Cruces. For kicks I stopped by the White Sands Missile Range museum, and found it actually worth the effort. I kept hoping to see something neat streak across the sky and explode somewhere, but of course it didn=t happen. I toured the gypsum dunes at the nearby National Monument as stealth fighters from Holloman AFB circled above. At least I can say I have ridden successfully on what is basically drywall dust. A lot easier than deep sand, I would say.

The weather closed in as I approached Roswell, precipitating a desire for a motel room. Actually, probably the worst sustained crosswind I have experienced was blowing from the north, kicking up huge dust clouds courtesy of the 30-mile construction zone I was riding through. And just for fun they had grooved the road surface up for repaving. That night, after the first meal since Vegas that was not of McDonalds or Power Bar origin, the Weather Channel told an ugly tale. I was planning to head across Texas to Arkansas, thence to the Falling Leaf rally in Missouri. But things looked awful bad in east Texas and tornados were whipping through Springfield. And a call home revealed that the wife was sick with a cold. I decided to blast for home.

The next morning dawned cool, calm and clear. Leaving Roswell at 9:30 I did the interstate gas and go routine, making it home in an uneventful 18 hours. All in all, probably the trip of a lifetime, although I hope to make it down to visit the Saguaros again, and maybe do a little hiking. For now though, I have some photos and warm desert memories to get me through that impending Minnesota winter.

BMWMOCM 2002 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM

Name (please type or print) _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone # (for roster) _____ E-mail _____

Do you wish to receive the newsletter by **e-mail only**? _____

Membership Categories:

_____ **Regular** : be of legal driving age and own a BMW motorcycle or a member of your immediate household owns a BMW motorcycle.

_____ **Associate** : be of legal driving age but does not own a BMW motorcycle. (Associate members must be sponsored by two current Regular members.)

Sponsor #1 signature _____

Sponsor #2 signature _____

Names of other household members (legal driving age only) :

Please read and sign the following :

I understand that the BMW Motorcycle Owners Club of Minnesota, Inc. (BMWMOCM) does NOT assume responsibility for any aspect of my safety and that if I participate in any sanctioned event, I do so voluntarily on my own assessment of my ability, road/site conditions, and all facilities and conditions, assuming all risk; and I release and hold the BMWMOCM harmless for any injury or loss to my person or property that may result therefrom.

Signature _____ Date _____

Dues : \$20 per year per household.

Please mail the completed application and fee to:
BMW Motorcycle Owners Club of Minnesota
155 Faye St.
St. Paul, MN 55119

"I Saw What You Did Last Summer"

If one of your riding partners/friends had an interesting experience you feel compelled to share with the rest of us at the Winter Banquet, please let Karol Patzer or Jerry Dubrall know. If you have any suggestions for gag awards or an idea for an interesting program, please e-mail it to Karol at gypsybeemer@isd.net or Jerry at jdubrall@isd.net.

An Observation

Anyone been past the St. Paul Harley dealer lately? I noticed driving by the other day that their new expansion includes a lot of space for some lovely Featherlite trailers, which they now sell. It would seem that it's "one-stop shopping" for prospective Harley owners - one simply must have a well-accessorized trailer to complete the "live to ride, ride to live" lifestyle. I mean, how else would you get to Sturgis?

Events Calendar

Nov. 6th : BMWMOCM board meeting at Bob's Java Hut, 2651 Lyndale Ave. South, Mpls. 7:30 p.m.

Nov. 8th : BMWMOCM general meeting at ChiChi's, 7717 Nicollet Ave. South (just north of I-494 in Richfield). Arrive around **6:30 p.m.** to eat, as our future use of this space depends on our purchasing enough food for the restaurant to justify it. The menu includes an El Grande burrito, taco salad, chimichanga, enchiladas Cancun (seafood) and a grilled chicken sandwich. Cost is \$10-12 including soda, tax and gratuity. Elections for club officers and board members for 2002 will be held, so don't miss this one!

Jan. 26th, 2002 : Winter Banquet at City View/Lost Spur (same location as last year. Please use the registration form in this issue - **space is limited and the deadline is January 14.**

BMW Motorcycle Owners Club of Minnesota
155 Faye Street
St. Paul, MN 55119

